

THE

1607/3775.

WEATHERCOCK,

OR,

LADIES FORTUNE-TELLER.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

OF

TWO ACTS;

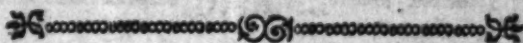
AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN;

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

THOMAS FORREST



DUBLIN:

Printed for THOMAS WILKINSON, at No. 40,
Winetavern-Street, Corner of Cook-Street.

Where may be had Variety of Novels, Plays, School-
Books, Merchants Accompt Books, &c.

T A B L E of the A I R S.

A C T I.

1	W H E N <i>Delia's</i> lovely Form I see	Page 3
2	A young and beauteous Shepherdess was courted by a Swain	4
3	Were I but young again	7
4	I'll no Nunnery	ib.
5	A Daughter untoward	9
6	Love's the bane of female Glory	10
7	Love's sweet Caresses	ib.
8	Past all human bearing	12
9	How weak's the Heart	13
10	If true what they say, each Dog has his Day	14
11	Man usurping every Power	16

A C T II.

12	'Mong Lords and fine Ladies we're told	17
13	Come, let's be airy, let's be merry	19
14	Of this wide World a Citizen, I travel far and near	ib.
15	The Feelings of a love-sick Heart	21
16	When Love once takes Possession	22
17	Can a Joy on Earth be greater	ib.
18	Hold, hold, Sir, look before you leap	23
19	Now your Hopes and Fears are ended	ib.



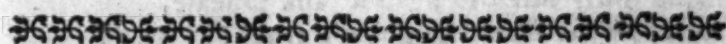
C H A R A C T E R S.

AMYAND,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
SELVYN,	Mr. MAHON.
Sir ROWLAND,	Mr. REINHOLD.
READY,	Mr. QUICK
Country Lad,	Mr. YOUNG.
 DELIA,	 Miss BROWN.
HARRIET	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Country Girl	Mrs. MASTERS.





THE
WEATHERCOCK.



ACT I.

SCENE, a Garden.

Amyand reading.

FROM Books in vain to find Relief I try,
[Throws the Book away.]
The Pangs we feel from Love, Repose deny ;
Where'er I go, a Stranger still to Rest !
This Woman reigns triumphant in my Breast.

A I R.

When *Delia's* lovely Form I see,
How faint each Object else to me ;
Her conscious Look, exulting Heart,
At once combine,
To tell her Conquest over mine :
But when prepar'd my Flame to tell,
Her Frowns my Hopes dispel,
My falt'ring Tongue no longer moves.
Pity the Heart that hopeless loves!

A 2

During

4 THE WEATHERCOCK.

During the latter Part of the Song, enter Ready.

R E A D Y.

He's in a fine Quandary still ;—but mum ; *[Aside.*
When Master has more Wit ; he'll then have some.

A M Y A N D, *to himself.*

But not alone inflexible to me ;
With all the Sex she shuns Society.
The Passion idly calls a Foe to Peace.

R E A D Y.

And justly call'd so ; 'tis a rank Disease,
And Physic shou'd be given ; true, but how ?
The Quomodo lies there—I have it now.

A M Y A N D.

What's that you mutter, Sir ?

R E A D Y.

My noble Master,
I'm touch'd to see you in this sad Disaster.
In *Cupid's* Go-cart daily whirl'd about ;
Feel brave, dear Sir ! and boldly fight it out.
Follow the Plan which I to you address,
I'll pledge my Manhood, 'twill ensure Success.

A M Y A N D.

'Tis some what saucy, sure, my humble Friend,
To more Wit than your Master to pretend ;
But say, Sir Nimble-tongue, without Disguise,
What your conceited Noddle wou'd advise ?

A I R.

R E A D Y.

A young and beauteous Shepherdess was courted by
a Swain,
Whose Love deserv'd a kind Return, but met with
cold Disdain ;



THE WEATHERCOCK. 5

In various Forms he woo'd the Fair, he sigh'd, he
ly'd, he swore,

Address'd her like a Deity, tho' human shape she
wore.

The Maid remain'd inflexible, and baffled all his
Skill,

His Love repuls'd, he still attack'd, but cou'd not
gain his Will.

'Till by Experience wiser grown, he plays a different
Part ;

Affected Mirth and Gaiety, and well conceal'd Love's
Smart ;

Her slighting slighted, scorning scorn'd, disdain'd he
disdain'd,

Her Pride subdu'd, and o'er her Heart an easy Con-
quest gain'd.

The Maid grew kind, the Swain grew kind, the Maid
grew kinder still ;

Love forc'd her to surrender ; the Shepherd had his
Will.

AMYAND.

Faith, *Ready*, I confess you an *Apollo* ;
I like the Thought, and your Advice will follow.

Enter Sir Rowland, meeting Selvyn.

Good-morrow, Sir, of us have you enquir'd ?

SIR ROWLAND.

I have—and find ye both—what I desir'd,
With Virtues equal to your outward Shew,

AMYAND.

And so far fit to match your Daughter to:

SIR ROWLAND.

My Niece is worth your Notice too, my Boys.

6 THE WEATHERCOCK.

AMYAND.

A pleasant Lady—

SIR ROWLAND.

Well her Time employs.

AMYAND.

Lively and young—

SIR ROWLAND.

Just ripe for your Proposal,
But 'tis my Daughter claims my first Disposal.

AMYAND.

By what I hear
Of *Delia's* Sentiments, alas, I fear
Each fond Pursuit to gain the lovely Fair
Will end in her Displeasure, our Despair.

SIR ROWLAND.

A coward Cur!—This Talk is mighty fine!
But making Love's your Business, Sir, not mine.
You pay the Piper. All my Part in this Dance,
Is but to hear the Music at a Distance.

AMYAND.

The Smack of the Whip, you love still—

SELVYN.

So I reckon,

And of the Lip too, Sir—

SIR ROWLAND.

—There you're mistaken.
My Hobby-horse well broke, is my most humble,
If more ambitious, I—might get a Tumble.

A I R.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

7

A I R.

Were I but young again,
I'd ne'er be melancholy, Boys,
Or foolishly complain
Of Sorrow, Care, and Pain.
For Days mispent,
My present Bliss, no Discontent
Shou'd e'er annoy:
For well I know,

The Way our Gratitude to shew,
Is to enjoy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Delia and Harriet.

H A R R I E T.

No longer, *Delia*, try with vain Persuasion,
To counteract the End of our Creation.

D E L I A.

Can the Seclusion of a few, my dear,
Produce the Interruption which you fear?

H A R R I E T.

Born for Society, 'tis my Opinion,
Love over female Minds should hold Dominion.
What you're advancing, shou'd our Dames come into,
Society it soon——wou'd put an End to.

A I R.

I'll no Nunnery,
That's mere Mummery,
Whims, Whims, that the Wise disdain.
After Sentence,
No Repentance
Can your Freedom restore again.
Then ah, well-a-day!
You for Liberty,
Liberty, sigh in vain.

A 4

D E L I A.

8 THE WEATHERCOCK.

DELIA.

I am resolv'd.

HARRIET.

Young *Amyand* still adores you.

DELIA.

Selvyn and he this Morning are expected.

HARRIET.

Take Warning then—the first by you rejected
I'll stop my Affection on ;—and if she flies out,
I'll ne'er restore him—tho' she cries her Eyes
out. [Aside.]

Enter Sir Rowland, Amyand, and Selvyn.

SIR ROWLAND.

Here are two clever Fellows ! Take your Choice,
Dear Daughter—for in this I'll have no Voice.
But this I do insist upon—you'll marry.

HARRIET.

And if in this Resolve you shou'd miscarry—

SIR ROWLAND.

I'll marry then myself—or give my Treasure
To build an Hospital.

HARRIET.

Repent at Leisure.

SIR ROWLAND.

And if I shou'd, in Fit of Melancholy,
I'll hang myself hereafter for the Folly.

HARRIET.

Delia, sweet Coz, obey. Come, don't be fretful.

SIR

THE WEATHERCOCK. 9

SIR ROWLAND.

Harriet, of thee, my Girl, I'm not forgetful.

DELIA

Excuse me, Sir, I cannot change Condition.

HARRIET.

I thank you, Sir; for know, 'tis my Petition,
You wou'd provide a Husband for your Niece.
I think of nothing else. [*Afide*.] Soon as you please,

SIR ROWLAND.

A Husband, Girl! why you deserve a dozen.
Give me a Buss,—and now go coax your Cousin.

A I R.

A Daughter untoward,
A Wife that is froward,
A House that is buried in Smoke;
To Men when declining,
With all their refining,
Are Matters their Tempers provoke.

My Girl, your Good Humour,
With *Delia* will do more,
Than all I can urge when she's cross;
In Coaxing or Funning,
Contrivance or Cunning,
You Women are ne'er at a Loss.

[*Exit*.]

AMYAND.

Shall I not, Madam, one kind Look discover.

DELIA.

Do not presume, because you are my Lover,
Obedience tow'rd's a Parent to expect.

HAR-

10 THE WEATHERCOCK.

H A R R I E T.

In favour of a Man she might reject.

[Exit.

A M Y A N D.

Banish the Thought ; I only hope to find,
As I shall prove deserving—you'll be kind.

A I R.

D E L I A.

Love's the Bane of female Glory,
Friendship' all we dare bestow ;
She who would be fam'd in Story,
Must at Distance keep the Foe :
But the Fair who once surrenders.
By a Gale of Passion blown,
To the Hands of weak Defenders,
Yields the Glory once her own.

S E L V Y N.

Be still that Glory yours, and here I swear,
Still to adore you shall be all my Care.

A M Y A N D.

So fond ! I'll try what *Ready* did suggest,
And play a Game my Bosom must detest.
Hypocrisy assist ! [*Aside*] Why so romantic,
Selvyn ? Your Love has render'd you quite frantic.
Of *Delia's* Maxim I approve,
Henceforth to bid adieu to Love.

D U E T.

DELIA. Love's sweet Caresses,
The Fair possessers,
Surrounded by Suitors,

AMYAND. Yet free from their Sway :

DELIA.

THE WEATHERCOCK. 11

DELIA. But Pleasures leave her,
And hopes deceive her,
Soon after contracting

AMYAND. To serve and obey.

DELIA. The humble Lover,
Turns Tyrant, Rover,
And makes it his Study our Sex to be-
tray.

AMYAND. And makes it his Study your Sex to be-
tray.

Too soon ye relent ;

DELIA. Too soon we consent ;

AMYAND. Too soon ye surrender, too late ye
repent.

DELIA. Too soon we surrender, too late we
repent.

A M Y A N D.

A good Alliance first did instigate
My Mind to think upon the Marriage State ;
But as for loving—I defy
The Sex united, would they try
Their utmost Force, to bring me to that pass.
If this don't mortify her—I'm an Ass ;
And Ready will be cudgell'd. [Aside

S E L V Y N.

Boasted Indifference ! but think not hence
That *Delia's* Charms have lost their Influence.
[To her

D E L I A.

I am unalterable.

A I R.

S E L V Y N.

Can *Delia's* Heart be so severe,
Whose Looks are so divine ?
Can any Scorn with her's compare,
Or any Love with mine ?

Enter

12 THE WEATHERCOCK.

Enter Harriet.

H A R R I E T.

How like a Weathercock's a Woman's Mind !
Now fullen, lively, cruel, and now kind,
But ne'er despond, the Weather may grow warmer,
It can't remain all Day in the cold Corner.

A I R.

Past all human bearing
Is the Maid who laughs at Love ;
Sighing and despairing
Never will the Vixen move.
If you mean to gain her,
In her fav'rite Follies join ;
Humour, not restrain her,
That's the Way to make her thine.

He who hopes to please us,
He must every Method try ;
Flatter, never tease us,
Often laugh, and seem to cry.
When we try to shun ye,
You pursue, we fly in vain ;
Denials are but Trials
Of the Heart we hope to gain.

[Exit with Delia.]

S E L V Y N.

So obstinate ! Farewel : *Amyand*, I see,
With her so little Chance—I yield to thee.
In *Harriet's* Aspect such good Humour's seen,
The Title-page I'll trust for what's within.

A M Y A N D.

What's your Resolve ?

S E L-

THE WEATHERCOCK.

13

SELVYN.

Hence *Harriet* I'll pursue.

AMYAND.

Success be your Reward.

SELVYN.

Amyand, adieu.

[*Exit.*

AMYAND.

O sweet Revenge!—Cou'd I but alter too!

A I R.

How weak is the Heart

To be fond of its Smart!

How silly to seek its own Ruin!

But two such fine Eyes

Would make Fools of the Wife,

And flatter them to their undoing.

Enter Ready.

I brav'd it manfully, till *Delia* flew.

R E A D Y.

I hope 'twill answer.

AMYAND.

If it shou'd not do,

Reptile! I'll hang myself, and poison you. [*Exit.*

R E A D Y.

My Wit, (plague on't) has got me in this Scrape:

If it should fail, and he should cut my Throat,

I shan't forgive myself—I'm in the Boat,

And come what will, I must endure the Squall,

'Mong Rocks, Shoals, Quicklands, and the Devil
and all.

A I R.

A I R.

If true what they say, each Dog has his Day;
 Invention, assist a dull Puppy, I pray;
 My Credit's at Stake; then do not forsake,
 Kind Fortune, a Lad who'll the Favour repay.

Tho' bad as the best, give the Devil his due,
 I've been to my Master both steady and true;
 But bold like the Monkey, the higher he climbs,
 Ambition too great is the worst of my Crimes.

Deluded by that, if my Management's crost,
 New Tricks shall retrieve what my Vanity lost;
 I'll whip, spur, and gallop, thro' thick, and thro'
 thin,
 And this Way get out of the Scrape I've got in.

[Exit.]

Enter Delia, meeting Harriet.

D E L I A.

Harriet, I cannot guess what is the Matter;
 But here about my Heart is such a Clatter!

H A R R I E T.

Amyand's Insensibility?

D E L I A.

Ah, no!

It can't be that which mortifies me so.

[Aside.]

H A R R I E T.

She'll play about the Flame until she burns.

D E L I A.

'll ne'er submit—

[Aside.]

H A R-

K.
THE WEATHERCOCK. 15

Day;
ay.
; mbs,
s.
t;
d thro'
in.
[Exit.

HARRIET.

Yes, all must love by Turns.

DELIA.

With such Indiff'rence, to insult my Power,
Throws me quite off my Guard—Then from this
Hour,
To conquer this proud Hero, I'll begin.

HARRIET.

O yes, she has it—fairly taken in. [Aside.
'Twou'd be a Satisfaction, there's no Doubt.
But how to bring this sweet Revenge about?
That, that's the Question.

DELIA.

This Night, you know,
Our Village Wake we hold upon the Green.

HARRIET.

Proceed.

DELIA.

First, *Amyand* for my Partner I'll secure.

HARRIET.

Bravo! but how of that can you be sure?
The Choice is accidental—
The Method is, each Man a Ribband chuses,
And she, who the same Colour then produces,
His Partner is declar'd.

DELIA.

To make it sure,
Ribbands of every Colour I'll procure; [Eagerly.
And when I have him, by the Power of Beauty,
I'll bring him to a thorough Sense of Duty.

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

'Tis pleasant Mischief.

D U E T.

Man usurping ev'ry Power,
Art is Woman's only Dower,
By whose Aid, tho' Men complain,
We boldly will our Rights maintain.
Ye Maids, while ye unmarried live,
Stand forward for Prerogative.

Shall then a Husband dare presume
A mock Distinction to assume ;
While we Women wear at will,
Smiles to cure, and Frowns to kill.
Let married Dames then while they live,
Stand forward for Prerogative. [Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, *a Green and Country Wake.*

Delia, Harriet, Amyand, Selvyn, Sir Rowland,
and Country Lads and Lasses.
Sir Rowland in the Center.

S I R R O W L A N D.

C O M E, chuse your Partners, and hasten to the
 Business of the Day.
[Here Ribbands are chosen.]

A I R.

A L A S S:

'Mong Lords and fine Ladies we're told,
 Affections are barter'd for Gold;
 But here in a Cot,
 So blest is our Lot,
 Our Passions by Truth are controul'd.

A L A D

Young Health, with a Laugh in his Face,
 Springs up from soft Slumber's Embrace,
 And Joy sounds a Horn,
 To salute the glad Morn,
 And direct the Pursuit of the Chace.

B.

LASS.

18 THE WEATHERCOCK.

LASS. No foreign Allurements invite,
 LAD. No Rancour disturbs our Delight,
 LASS. Of Envy the Pains,
 LAD. No Bosom complains,
 BOTH. And we sleep with Contentment at Night.

Delia and Amyand come forward.

DELIA.

Were any Woman so unfortunate
 With you to be enamour'd——
 Cou'd you the tender Passion long resist?
 And in your barbarous Prejudice persist?

AMYAND.

Most stedfastly. Have I not Reason ample,
 You taught me first—I follow your Example.

DELIA.

What, me! A Woman, changing with the Weather!
 Not knowing our own Minds a Day together!
 Well then—suppose it to be *Delia's* Case.

HARRIET.

Ah! Is it so?—I read it in her Face. *[Aside.*

AMYAND.

Were it your Case, I shou'd persist the more,
 Despise your weak Resolves, my own adore.

DELIA.

Does he insult me? Bare-fac'd Insolence!

SIR ROWLAND.

Be merry, Girls—away each dull Pretence;
 Long Courtship is as tedious as long Graces,
 Where Dinner cools before you take your Places.

A I R.

A I R.

Come let's be airy, let's be merry,
 It is a Folly to be sad ;
 For, since the World is quite run mad,
 Why alone shou'd we be wise,
 And like dull Fools,
 Gaze on other Men's Joys ?

If you have leizure, follow Pleasure,
 Let not an Hour of Blifs pass by ;
 For as the stealing Minutes fly,
 We ourselves, like Time, decay :
 Then strive to live,
 And be blest while you may.

A Dance of Villagers.

*During the Dance, Delia and Amyand make Love in
 Dumb Shew ; Harriet and Selvyn likewise.*

Enter Ready, like a Gypsie female Pedlar.

S I R R O W L A N D.

So, Gypsie, are you come to take a Skip too ?

R E A D Y.

Kind Sir, my Curiosity's on Tip-toe,
 To share your Pastime. Hereabouts I've ho-
 ver'd [Aside.
 To know th' Event, before I am discover'd.
 Now hit or miss, I'll try my best Endeavour,
 In this Disguise to win my Master's Favour.

A I R.

Of this wide World, a Citizen, I travel far and near ;
 I Ribbands sell, & Fortunes tell, yet nought but
 Truth declare :

B 2

Your

20 THE WEATHERCOCK.

Your Luck to try, my Wares to buy, come open
wide your Purse,

I'll tell all three, who'll married be, and who'll do
something worse. [him.]

[Addressing himself to the three Lasses who come round]

Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady, Sir, and now the
Proverb's out, [To Amyand.]

No longer play the Hypocrite, but to the Right
about;

I know the Stars, I know the Stars, then hear what
they decree,

To her you love all Girls above, a Husband you
shall be.

The vain Chimera in your head, the Destinies de-
ride, [To Delia.]

Fair Lady, you must buckle too, your Folly lay
aside;

I know the Stars, I know the Stars, then hear what
they decree,

To him you love all Men above, a Bride you soon
shall be.

A M Y A N D.

About this Beldam there is something strange.

D E L I A.

Her Language sure has work'd in me a Change;

A M Y A N D.

It must be so—No longer I'll dissemble;
Delia, sweet Maid—

D E L I A.

Oh, Heavens, how I tremble!

A M Y A N D.

Still unrelenting?

D E L I A.

THE WEATHERCOCK. 21

DELIA.

Ah! What's this I feel?
Nay, flutter on, Impertinent—I care not.

AMYAND.

I wish to make Confession now, but dare not.

SIR ROWLAND.

Daughter, I'm angry at this long Delay;
Pv fix'd To-morrow for your Wedding Day.

DELIA.

Amyaud is much too proud to be enslav'd,
And will not run the Risk of a Denial. [Scornfully.]

AMYAND.

Delia's too proud to put me to the Trial.

DELIA.

Confess yourself a Hypocrite.

AMYAND.

Confess yourself, of Women most obdurate:

A I R

The Feelings of a love-sick Heart
To hide, in vain I try;
In vain I trust the Mask of Art,
Where Nature prompts the Sigh,

Each distant Action serves to bear
Some Token from the Mind;
And Silence whispers to my Fair,
A Truth my Tongue declin'd.

DELIA.

Can I believe the Truth of this sad Ditty?
If I consent, 'tis out of downright Pity.

AMYAND.

22 THE WEATHERCOCK.

A M Y A N D.

Do but consent, on what Account I care not.

D E L I A.

Here, take my Hand, and of my Heart despair not.

A I R.

When Love once takes Possession
Of a young and yielding Breast,
The force of Prepossession,
O'er Reason stands confest.

If you woo her, you subdue her,
All Resistance is in vain ;
If you leave her, you deceive her,
And she ne'er knows Peace again.

H A R R I E T.

So, she's dispos'd of : Now what chance for me ?

S E L V Y N.

Thy honest Tongue knows no Hypocrisy.
You staid to see how *Delia* wou'd incline,
As she's determin'd, now I claim you mine.

A I R.

Can a Joy on Earth be greater.
To a Lover's fond Alarms ?
Can my Wishes be compleater,
Than to fold thee in my Arms ?

My Mind with Joy confesses,
They Conquest fairly won ;
Enlighten'd by thy Graces,
As *Cynthia* by the Sun.

S E L V Y N.

My lovely *Harriet*, you inherit
All your Father's Mirth and Spirit.

A I R.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

23

A I R.

H A R R I E T.

Hold, hold, Sir, look before you leap,
And see which Way's the Wind, Sir ;
My own Consent I ought to get,
Before I speak my Mind, Sir.
While I declare, without Disguise,
Aversion to a Cloister ;
Shall I be taken by Surprize,
And snapt up like an Oyster ?

But let me not too rigid be,
Contending still for Pow'r ;
Let's intermingle some Degree,
Of Sweet among the Sour.
It seems a Husband I must chuse,
My Uncle does insist on't ;
If we must tie the Wedding Noose,
Why e'en let's make the best on't.

[*Pausing.*]

S I R R O W L A N D.

Well, Girls since each have got a worthy Lover,
Get married soon, and now my Cares are over.

R E A D Y.

And so are mine.

Throwing off his Disguise.

A L L.

Ready in Masquerade ?

R E A D Y.

I'll now lay down the Fortune-telling Trade.

A I R.

READ. Now your Hopes and Fears are ended,
Who deserves, should be commended ?
While your Honour I attended,
I was faithful, true and just.

When

THE WEATHERCOCK.

When you work'd your own undoing,
 I instill'd the Art of Wooing,
 My Advice, then Ladies trust,
 Yield in Time, submit you must.

AMY. Since my *Delia* has relented,
 And to crown my Hopes consented,
 Every future Wish prevented,
 I am blest beyond compare;

DEL. Woman's Whims must have their Season,
 But reduc'd by you to Reason,
 I'll my Gratitude declare,
 And a weak Defence forbear.

SELV. While my *Harriet*'s kind and loving,
 I'm too blest to think of roving,
 Heart-felt Raptures daily proving,
 Happiness is found at Home.

HAR. You'll be constant, while you like me,
 But when newer Faces strike ye,
 You'll relapse like other Men,
 And repent, the Lord knows when.

Sir-Row. 'Tis the Language thro' the Nation,
 Order and Subordination,
 Should (without Prevarication)
 Still subsist 'twixt Man and Wife;
 But whatever your Condition,
 Be but mutual your Submission,
 'Twill procure ye void of Strife,
 Quiet, and a Crust for Life.



F I N I S.